

CENTRAL PARK BABOON
DIES OF BROKEN HEART

Loss of His Authority to Newcomers in Cage Makes Life Worthless to "Bill Snyder."

Bill Snyder, the great baboon named after the head keeper of the Central Park Zoo, is dead. He had been in a decline for a week, moping over his loss of prestige as king of the monkey house, refusing to eat or exercise.

When a consignment of new baboons from Africa reached the Zoo recently three of them were put into the cage with Bill and his servile vassals, Bobby and Dick. Bill merely regarded the intruders with scorn and left their heaving to Bobby and Dick. He sat at the front of the cage and continued his exercise of the

monopoly of the peanut supply, which had made him very fat and lazy. But a week ago the newcomers became acquainted to their surroundings and awoke to the fact that they were young and strong. They beat Bobby and Dick into neutrality and then made life miserable for Bill. They dragged him around the cage by the tail and pinched him unmercifully. His head keeper godfather had to put him in a solitary cage.

Life was spoiled for Bill. He slept, or pretended to sleep, all day long and the wildest cavortings of his fellow citizens failed to interest him. And to-day he was found dead.

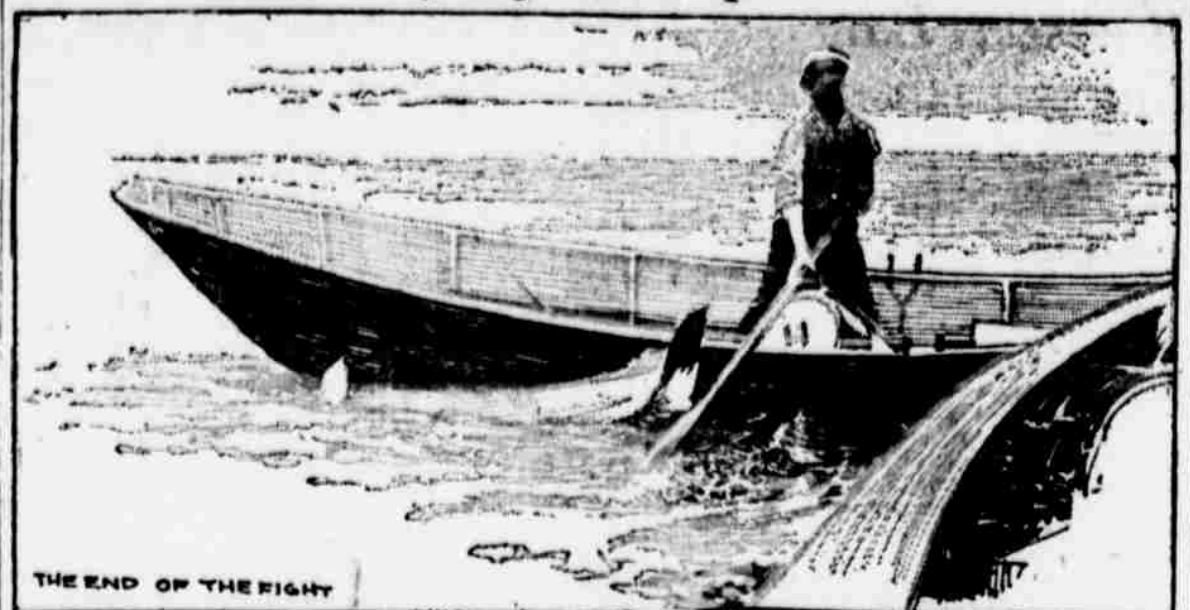
Acquitted of Murder Done in 1870.
COVINGTON, Ga., July 27.—Rev. William H. McCarl has been acquitted in Superior Court here on the charge of having murdered Monroe Smith, a neighbor forty-five years ago. McCarl fled immediately after the shooting in 1870 and was arrested on his return recently from Hawaii where he had been a missionary. He was the chief witness in his own defense, declaring that Smith had struck his mother and had threatened to kill him.

KILLED BY MOSQUITO BITE.

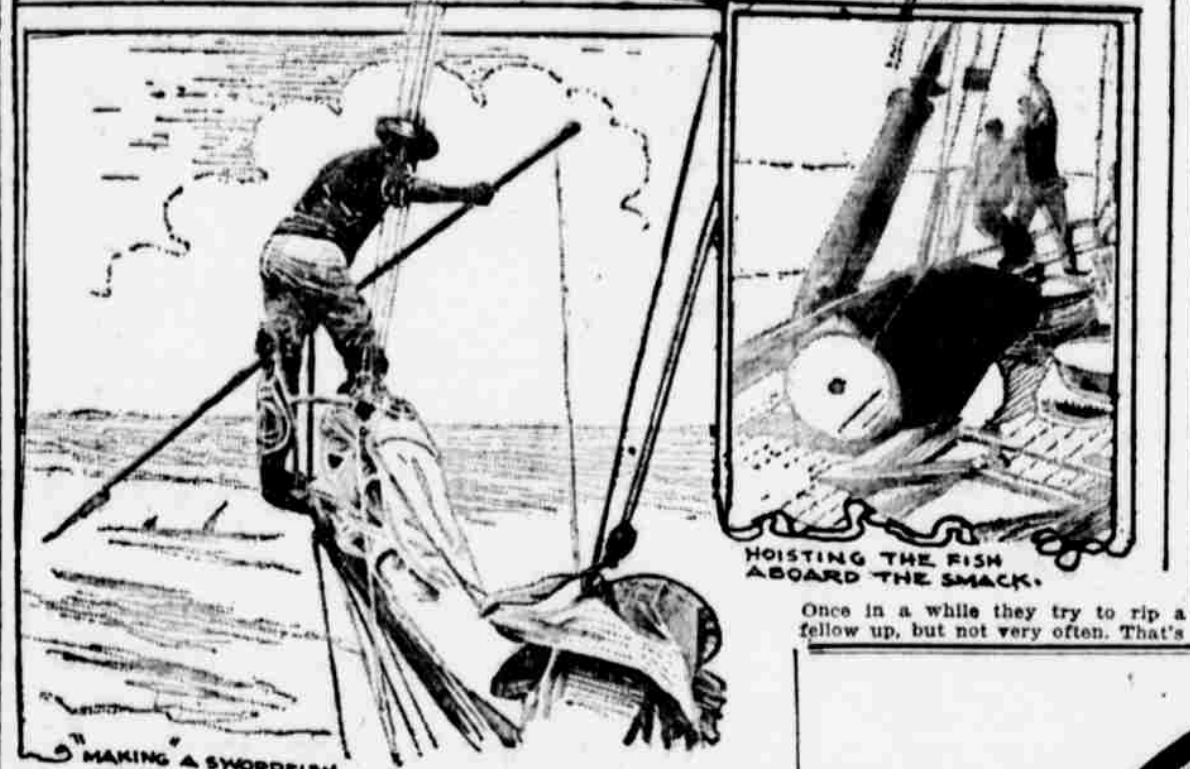
Middletown Man Succumbs After Ailing Several Days.

(Special to The Evening World.)
MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., July 28.—Edmund L. Tichenor, formerly Alderman of this city and one of the foremost business men, died at his home here last night. He had not been feeling well for several days, his illness having been caused, it is reported, by a mosquito bite. Tichenor, it was expected, would be a candidate for Mayor of Middletown next fall.

Poisoned Gas in Dark Room.
District Attorney Greene of Suffolk County was asked at Riverhead, L. I., yesterday to investigate a mystery reported by Gus Feiring, a photographer of Sayville, who alleges he was overcome by a poisonous gas in his dark room. He staggered to the office of Dr. Van Deine, where he collapsed. He claims somebody scattered carbolic acid about his room. A year ago, while he was burning old newspapers, an explosion injured Feiring, which he claimed was caused by an enemy.

Beginning and Ending of a Sword Fish Hunt,
the Exciting Big Game Sport Near New York

THE END OF THE FIGHT



MAKING A SWORDFISH

(Pictures by Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.)

Season for Aquatic Big Game at Its Height in These Waters.

"There he lies!" yells Arthur from the cross-trees. "There he lies! Couple of points to windward. Starboard! Starboard! Why the pfwitix don't you starboard your helm?"

At the first call there is a long streak of something sliding down the forestay—Shang, the "striker," taking a rapid transit swoop from the cross-trees, where he has been on lookout

for an hour, to his place in the "pulpit" at the end of the jib-boom. Every man aboard the swordfishing smack is up on tiptoe as the sloop creeps closer and closer to her prey. The swordfish is at his breakfast, paying no more attention to the smack than he would to a soap box, or an ocean liner, or any other trifle. He is the boss of the deep blue sea, and he values no man.

Swordfishing is at its height to-day. The season lasts only from the middle of June to the middle of August. After that there is little doing; so the crew are as anxious as if their last dollars were awaiting the turn of the wheel.

Shang picked up his harpoon as soon as he had buckled the strap around his waist that holds him fast in the pulpit. The harpoon is a small, barbed arrow fixed on the end of a two-foot steel prong at the head of a strong pole ten feet long. All that the crew can see of the swordfish is his dorsal fin cutting the smooth surface of the lazy swells, with now and then a flash of the great T-shaped tail that drives him forward. Now port, now starboard, the sloop follows as the big fish moves here and there at his feeding.

As the sloop pitches down on a falling wave Shang with both hands makes a mighty thrust of the harpoon, there is a flurry as the monster leaps away under the pain of the blow, and only a boiling patch of froth marks where he was a moment ago.

"Give him the hag!" cries Shang, and the line-tender picks up an empty mackerel cask with fifty fathoms of quarter-inch line wound tightly around it, and heaves it far outboard. The other end of that line is rove into the eye of the harpoon, which slipped off the steel prong as soon as the big fish started.

"Got him good," says Shang as he hauls up the long pole by its bridle and fixes a new harpoon and line on the prong. "Got him just right. Buttoned." That means that the harpoon went clear through the big fish and tripped, or buttoned, on the further side of his stout body.

When the swordfish had spent most of his strength towing the keg, the sloop ran down near it—each smack has its casks marked with a different device—and Arthur threw a dory over the side, put in a sort of bailehook, a lance, which is a long knife-blade at the end of a three-foot pole, and after making sure that the bell was in the boat, to help pick him up in case of fog, set out to "tend the fish."

He rowed the dory alongside the keg, fished it in with the hook, set it on the floor of the dory and began to haul in the line. At the first touch the wounded monster felt the stab of the harpoon renewed in his vitals. Instantly he came to the surface to look for his enemy. His large, dark eyes goggled like a pair of bulleye lanterns as he glared black hate at the man with the line in hand.

"Up with you—quick!" yelled Arthur, leaping up and straddling the dory by perching on the thwart-ropes. "He's coming for us!" The guest had barely time to sit up on the stern of the dory, balancing his legs along the gunwale, when something crashed against the bottom of the dory and a long gray sword stabbed through the floor, thrusting straight for the body of Arthur.

"Get down now and sit tight," said Arthur, snatching the action to the word. "He can't upset us. He'll be through his flurry in a few minutes. Quickly he only got me for a little slope bruise on the ball of that foot.

what makes the gang so fond of the game—nice and exciting. I'd like to take Teddy out and let him 'tend swordfish.' An ear up-ended signalled the sloop to come for us. When she lay alongside Arthur, by a sort of magic, along a blight of heavy stuff around the tail of the big fish. He and his guest jumped aboard the smack and hauled away on the whip that hung from the dory of the mainsail. Slowly the dory

turned over as the body of the 400-pound swordfish came out of the sea, and presently the monster hung upside down with the boat speared on his bony back. A few thrusts of the lance in the gills finished the big fellow. Then they tried to beat the sword free with a hammer but couldn't do it, so Shang sawed it off above and below the floor of the dory, and there the fragment of it is yet.

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